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LEND ME

FIVE SHILLINGS

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY

JOHN MADDISON MORTON

NEW AMERICAN EDITION, CORRECTLY REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORIZED ACTING EDITION, WITH THE ORIGINAL CASTS OF THE CHARACTERS, SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAM OF THE STAGE SETTING, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AND ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Haymarket Theatre, London, February 19, 1846. *Park Theatre, New York, April 27, 1846.*

MR. GOLIGHTLY	Mr. Buckstone.	Mr. Bass.
CAPTAIN PHOBBS	Mr. Tilbury.	Mr. G. Barrett.
CAPTAIN SPRUCE	Mr. Brindal.	Mr. Crocker.
MORLAND	Mr. Carle.	Mr. McDonnall.
SAM, (<i>a waiter</i>)	Mr. Clark.	Mr. DeWalden.
MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS	Miss. P. Horton.	Mrs. Abbott.
MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS	Miss Telbin.	Miss Kate Horn.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GUESTS.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—ONE HOUR.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

MR. GOLIGHTLY is deeply fascinated with MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS at a ball. The lady, however, desiring greater freedom to secure her sister-in-law, MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS, from the attentions of one MR. MORLAND, turns a cold shoulder upon MR. GOLIGHTLY's politeness, whereat the latter gentleman, in a fit of humiliated pique, resolves to ignore the lady and do something desperate, and rushes forthwith to the gaming table to plunge headlong into the intoxicating whirlpool of sixpenny shorts. CAPTAIN PHOBBS returns home, leaving his wife to enjoy herself under the protection of MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, with the injunction that she must be home by twelve o'clock. The latter lady, wishing to enlist MR. GOLIGHTLY's services in looking after her charge, unbends to that gentleman, after he has lost his last shilling, and asks him to afford her as much of his society during the evening as he can spare and escort her home when the ball breaks up, to MR. GOLIGHTLY's extreme elation until he remembers that he is

devoid of cash. Recognizing the absolute necessity of five shillings for cab-hire, MR. GOLIGHTLY, in his extremity, applies for that sum successively to MORLAND, SPRUCE, CAPTAIN PHOBBS and the waiter, but without success. In the meantime, MR. GOLIGHTLY has mistaken the jealous CAPT. PHOBBS for the husband of MRS. MAJ. PHOBBS, and it appears that MORLAND is attentive to MRS. CAPT. PHOBBS simply because he wishes to complete a miniature portrait of her to present to her worthy spouse before his departure on the morrow. After fruitless efforts at raising a loan, MR. GOLIGHTLY discovers a purse in the overcoat that is brought to him—his own overcoat having been taken by another guest—and finding himself suddenly in funds, he orders a supper for the lady in fine style, in addition to the cab, and doffs the overcoat. The evening being now far advanced, CAPT. PHOBBS rushes in furiously indignant at his wife's failure to return home by midnight, invites himself to partake of the supper, frightens MR. GOLIGHTLY nearly out of his wits, and winds up with a challenge before departing with the overcoat and the funds. While MR. GOLIGHTLY is in the deepest despair at his renewed insolvency, the irate Captain returns with pistols, insists upon a duel, but is placated on learning that his wife had never even seen MR. GOLIGHTLY before but, instead, had been sitting for her portrait which is now presented by MORLAND. MR. GOLIGHTLY, learning that MRS. MAJ. PHOBBS is a widow, offers himself and is accepted, and hears, with relief, that the Captain has paid for the supper. But the cab remaining to be settled for, MR. GOLIGHTLY extricates himself from his awkward situation by appealing to the audience for the temporary loan of five shillings.

COSTUMES.

MR. GOLIGHTLY.—Light claret-colored coat, white waistcoat, and black trousers.

CAPTAIN PHOBBS.—Blue body-coat, black velvet collar, gilt buttons; white waistcoat, black trousers.

CAPTAIN SPRUCE.—Blue dress-coat and black trousers.

MORLAND.—Black dress suit.

SAM.—Blue coat, white trousers, and flowered waistcoat.

WAITER.—Ditto.

MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS.—Pink and white ball dress, bonnet and cloak.

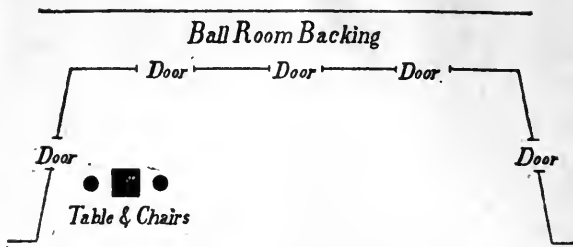
MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS.—Blue satin, with white lace over-dress.

GUESTS FOR BALL.—Dress suits.

PROPERTIES.

Money and pair of pistols for CAPT. PHOBBS. Fan for MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS. Miniature for MORLAND. Money for SPRUCE. Lady's cloak for WAITER. Old light overcoat; one very large, old broad-brimmed white hat; one hat very much crushed. Tray, with cakes, table-cloth, table appointments and supper for SAM. Crash off stage, R.

STAGE SETTING.



SCENE PLOT.

SCENE.—A room adjoining the ball-room at a hotel, set in 3 G., backed with ball-room backing in 4 G. Chandeliers (lighted) in both rooms. Doors R. 2 E. and L. 2 E. Doors R., L. and C., in the flat. Table and two chairs, R.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

Observing, the player is supposed to face the audience. R. means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; D. F., door in the flat or scene running across the back of the stage. R. F., right side of the flat, L. F., left side of the flat; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; C. D., centre door; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G., first, second or third grooves. UP STAGE, toward the back; DOWN STAGE, toward the footlights.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

NOTE.—The text of this play is correctly reprinted from the original authorized acting edition, without change. The introductory matter has been carefully prepared by an expert, and is the only part of this book protected by copyright.





LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

ACT I.

Scene—*A Room adjoining the Ball-Room, at an Hotel. At the rising of the Curtain, a Quadrille band is heard from Ball-Room, in which two Quadrille sets are formed. Another set is formed on the Stage, composed and arranged as follows:—MR. GOLIGHTLY and MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, with their backs to the audience.—Opposite to them, another couple,—at L. of them, CAPTAIN SPRUCE and MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS, and opposite to them, MORLAND and a Lady.—As the Curtain rises, GOLIGHTLY and MRS. M. PHOBBS and their vis-a-vis, are dancing the last figure of a Quadrille.*

Mrs. M. P. (*to GOLIGHTLY, as they are breaking up*) So you are really partial to dancing, Mr. Golightly?

Goli. I positively doat upon it—and with such a partner I flatter myself I could dance till I dropped; in short, most fascinating of women, 'tis in your power to make me the happiest of men. (*cuts a violent caper*)

Mrs. M. P. You're quite eloquent, I declare! (*smiling*)

Goli. Nothing to what I should be, if I wasn't so dreadfully out of breath—Phew! (*fans himself*)

Mor. (*to MRS. CAPT. PHOBBS*) You surely cannot refuse the last request that I perhaps shall ever make?

Mrs. C. P. Indeed, I must, for I cannot grant it without compromising myself!

Mrs. M. P. (*aside and observing them*) Can it be as I suspected?—but I'll not lose sight of them!

Goli. I assure you, my dear madam, I haven't words in my vocabulary sufficiently energetic to express my delight in meeting you again. (*MORLAND and his partner enter the Ball-Room, through L. C. SPRUCE and MRS. C. PHOBBS retire a little*) Might I be allowed? (*offers his arm to MRS. M. PHOBBS*)

Mrs. M. P. No; thank you!

Goli. May I press an ice upon you, or a bottle of ginger beer? (*tenderly*)

Mrs. M. P. I'd rather not! (*coldly*)

Goli. Shall we stroll through the rooms? (*offers his arm*)

Mrs. M. P. I am too fatigued!

Goli. Then I'll run and fetch a chair!

Mrs. M. P. I'd rather stand! (*annoyed*)

Goli. Oh!—may I claim this fair hand for the next quadrille?

Mrs. M. P. 'Tis already engaged!

Goli. May I enjoy the felicitous prospect of polking with you?

Mrs. M. P. (*sharply*) Mr. Golightly, I wish you to understand, sir, that I am engaged for the whole of the evening. (*turns her back on him, and joins CAPT. SPRUCE and MRS. C. PHOBBS. SPRUCE bows, and enters the Ball-Room, C.*)

Goli. (*after a pause*) Now, I don't want to flatter myself, but I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I consider myself very ill-treated—the lovely woman has humiliated me—and with respect to the lovely woman's assertion that she's engaged for the whole of the evening, I look upon the lovely woman as having perpetrated a very considerable thumper: it's evident she means to cut me, in which case, the most manly course for me to adopt, is obviously to cut *her*. I'll do something desperate!—I'll go and drink a whole glass of British champagne!—I'll rush to the gaming-table and plunge headlong into the intoxicating whirlpool of sixpenny shorts. There she is: she sha'n't see the agitation of this swelling bosom—no, no, I'll hum a tune, if I die for it—la! la! la! (*goes out, dancing and singing, R.*)

Mrs. M. P. (*watching him out*) Poor Mr. Golightly, his devotion to me really deserves better treatment. Julia, one word.

Mrs. C. P. Not now, sister-in-law, my husband is waiting for me.

Mrs. M. P. Where is Captain Phobbs?

Mrs. C. P. As usual, at the whist-table. (*goes towards D. F. R.*)

Mrs. M. P. One moment, excuse a sister-in-law's anxiety—but this young man, this Mr. Morland?

Mrs. C. P. Well?

Mrs. M. P. He seems very attentive.

Mrs. C. P. He's very agreeable.

Mrs. M. P. Then he's the more to be feared. (*earnestly*)

Mrs. C. P. Feared! what, Cousin George? ha! ha! Oh, my good, sober, serious sister-in-law, if you only knew—ha, ha!

Mrs. M. P. Knew what? speak.

Re-enter MORLAND from C., followed by CAPTAIN SPRUCE.

Mor. (*hastily approaching the ladies*) May I be allowed to conduct you to the refreshment room, ladies?

Mrs. M. P. (*with marked intention*) Thank you, sir, but Captain Spruce has kindly offered to escort us; he is tenacious of his prerogatives as Master of the Ceremonies!

Spruce. Decidedly tenacious!

(*The two ladies take his arm, and are about to go off, when CAPTAIN PHOBBS enters from R. D. F.*)

Capt. P. (*towards room, as he enters*) You shall have your revenge presently, gentlemen!—Ha! ha! Such a run of cards! three bumper rubbers in succession!—Ha! ha! (*putting money in his pocket*) Ah, Julia! (*to MRS. C. PHOBBS*) not tired of dancing already, eh?—I say, Spruce, I am not afraid of trusting my wife with you.—You're not the handsomest fellow in the world—ha! ha!—so just take her a stroll.—I've something to say to my sister-in-law, here.—Au revoir! (*gallantly kisses her hand, and she goes into the Ball-Room with CAPT. SPRUCE. MORLAND follows them*)

Mrs. M. P. Well, brother-in-law, what have you to say to me?

Capt. P. Why, the fact is, I'm obliged to leave "The gay, the gay and festive scene—the halls, the halls of dazzling light"—in other words, I'm going home.

Mrs. M. P. Home!

Capt. P. Yes.—A memorial to the Commander-in-chief which I must send off by to-night's post.

Mrs. M. P. Surely, you'll not leave your wife here alone, in a public ball-room.

Capt. P. (*imitating her*) "Public ball-room!" What of that?—I'll trouble you, or any one else, to find a more respectable assembly in the three kingdoms, than our Bedford Assize Ball.—Besides, she couldn't be alone while you are here!—And I dare say I shall be back time enough to take her home;—and if I ain't, somebody else will!—There's her cousin George, for instance, he'll be delighted, I'm sure!

Mrs. M. P. (*aside*) Too delighted, I'm afraid!

Capt. P. But she must be home by twelve o'clock, not a moment later;—so good-bye.—I say, sister-in-law, you'll take care she has lots of partners, will you? and plenty of negus. Good-bye, I'm in a devil of a hurry!

Mrs. M. P. So it appears, since you're going without your hat!

Capt. P. So I am, I declare!—Let me see, I think I left it in the card-room!

(*hurries out at door, R. F.*)

Mrs. M. P. So, the husband is as blind as the wife.—However, as Julia is left under my protection, I'll, endeavour to secure her from Mr. Morland's attentions.—But how? (*reflecting*)

Enter GOLIGHTLY, R.

Goli. Now I'm happy! my mind's at peace.—I'm a ruined man—for the rest of the evening!—I've lost every shilling I had in my pocket!

Mrs. M. P. (*seeing GOLIGHTLY*) Mr. Golightly! may he not be of service to me?

Goli. Ha! ha!—I can't help thinking of my unfortunate partner.—An elderly female, with a sort of a scarlet towel round her head!—She wanted to know if I wished to ruin her—ha! ha!

Mrs. M. P. (*approaching*) Mr. Golightly!

Goli. (*seeing her—aside*) So! (*aloud and singing*) "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls!"

Mrs. M. P. I hope you are not angry with me?

Goli. (*aside*) Oh, dear! (*sighing*)

Mrs. M. P. I hope you'll forgive me!

Goli. (*aside*) Oh, dear!

Mrs. M. P. You can do me a great service.—Will you refuse me?

Goli. If I do damme!—I don't mean that—Command me, interesting female.—Command me!—What is it?

Mrs. M. P. Simply, to afford me as much of your society as you can spare me during the evening, and to escort me home when the Ball breaks up.

Goli. Ye gods! (*cutting a high caper*) Madam,—I don't know if it's peculiar to me—but somehow or other, I am generally at a loss to say what I mean, when I can't find words to express myself.

Mrs. M. P. I'll let you know when I wish to retire, and perhaps you will order a Fly!—Adieu for the present! (*goes into the Ball-Room, C.*)

Goli. It's too much—it's much too much!—a tête-à-tête with a one-horse woman, in a fly—I mean with a fly with a one-horse woman!—No, that's not it.—With a woman, in a one-horse fly!—I'll engage one directly.—I'll take it by the hour.—I'll give the coachman half a crown to drive at the slowest possible pace!—Perhaps for five shillings he'd upset us!—Oh! ecstatic thought!—I'll about it this instant.—Oh, lud! (*suddenly recollects himself*) I forgot—I haven't got any money! (*hastily searching his pockets, one after another*)

Enter MORLAND, from C., down L.

Mor. Heyday! Mr. Golightly!—What's the matter?

Goli. Ah! come here! (*seizes his hand*) Sir, I seize this opportunity of declaring to you, on the honour of a gentleman, that there is nobody in the world for whom I entertain more unbounded esteem, respect, and admiration, than I do for you.—Lend me five shillings!

Mor. Really, Mr. Golightly, I'm exceedingly sorry, but—

Goli. Now don't say you haven't got 'em, because such is the peculiarity of my present position, that you must lend me five shillings—or two half-crowns, I'm not particular, whether you've got 'em or not.

Mor. Pshaw ! will you give me an explanation ?

Goli. No, but I'll sell you one—you shall have it cheap—five shillings.

Mor. Proceed !

Goli. You must know, then, I have discovered this evening, in this very room, a treasure, which I thought I had lost forever.

Mor. Oh, what, you had dropped something eh ?

Goli. No, Sir ! a lovely woman !—A female I most devoutly doat upon !

Mor. And she's asked you to lend her five shillings—ha, ha !

Goli. Pshaw !—Listen ; it is now just fifteen months since I went to Harrowgate to drink the waters !—Did you ever drink the Harrowgate waters ?

Mor. Never.

Goli. Then you've a treat to come.—Such dreadful—Oh, lud ! (*rubs his stomach*) Well, the first, and, by-the-bye, the last time I imbibed the horrible beverage—a lady entered the pump-room for the same purpose ;—and while I was admiring the Christian resignation with which she swallowed the contents of a colossal tumbler—it suddenly came on to rain.—Did you ever see it rain at Harrowgate ?

Mor. Never.

Goli. Then that's another treat to come.—Instantly offered my umbrella ;—which was accepted !

Mor. Lucky fellow !

Goli. I don't know that—because being obliged to walk home in the rain, I caught a cold, which kept me incessantly sneezing for the next six weeks.—However, the next day, by the lady's permission, I called, for the sake of politeness ; and, I'm not ashamed to own it, for the sake of my umbrella.—I was shown up into the drawing-room, where the lady, taking me by the hand and leading me up to a sort of mummy sitting bolt upright in an arm-chair, and muffled up to the eyes in flannel, like muffins at Christmas, said, my dear Major, will you thank the gentleman for his politeness ?—Upon which, the aforesaid mummy grunted out, Sir, there's my hand—and there's your umbrella !—upon which, I was civilly shown down stairs.

Mor. And the door slammed in your face ?

Goli. No, Sir, not slammed—but shut.—I flatter myself I know the difference between a slut and a sham.—I mean between a slut and a sham.—I should say between a shut and a slam.

Mor. And with this lady you fell in love.—A married woman, too.—Oh, fie !

Goli. I did.—I admit the enormity of my offence—but I did.—Judge, then, my delight at meeting her, after an interval of fifteen months, at our Annual Assize Ball, this evening.

Mor. And her husband—the mummy ?

Goli. Is certainly not with her, or she would not have condescended to request my escort home.—No, the “dear Major” is still drinking the Harrowgate pump dry; or else he has done the handsome thing, by leaving his wife a widow.—Now, as I think I’ve given you a good five shillings’ worth, I’ll trouble you for the money!

Mor. Really, I’m ashamed to say, I haven’t got so much about me!

Goli. Goodness, gracious!—And you call yourself a respectable member of society!—Sir, I’ve a contempt for a man that isn’t worth five shillings!—I despise a man without two half-crowns in his pocket.—But I must have a Fly; if I die, I must have a fly!—Oh, for a pair of pistols loaded to the muzzle!

Mor. Good heavens!—what would you do with them!

Goli. Do with them! (*violently*) Why, I’d sell them for five shillings!
(*crosses, L.*)

Re-enter CAPTAIN PHOBBS *from R. D. F.*

Capt. P. I’ve found my hat at last, and now I’m off!—Holloa! Cousin George, are you tired of dancing, too, like Julia, eh?

Mor. No.—I have the happiness of being engaged to her for the next quadrille!

Capt. P. That’s right! (*exit MORLAND, C.*) Here, waiter!

SAM *runs in, R.*

Sam. Yes, Sir!

Capt. P. Get me a Fly! it’s raining cats and dogs!

Sam. Yes, Sir—directly. (*runs out, L.*)

Goli. (*observing CAPTAIN P.*) It strikes me, I’ve seen that head on a pair of shoulders, somewhere or other!—At any rate, whether I have or not, I’ll claim his acquaintance, and ask him to lend me five shillings. (*approaching him*) Ah, Thompson, my boy!

Capt. P. (*drawing himself up*) Sir!

Goli. Beg pardon, I should have said, ah, Smith, my boy: how goes it, Smith?—Give us your hand, Smith.

Capt. P. My name’s not Smith, Sir!

Goli. Quite sure it isn’t?—Well, that’s very odd.—You remember me?—Eh, Robinson?—Of course you do—Golightly!

Capt. P. Go to the devil! (*crosses, L.*)

Enter MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, C.

Goli. (*gallantly advancing to her*) Ah!

Mrs. M. P. (*aside to him*) Hush—Leave me!

Goli. (*aside*) What’s the matter now!

Mrs. M. P. (*to PHOBBS*) So, you’ve changed your mind—You intend remaining here!
(*delighted*)

Capt. P. On the contrary, I'm only waiting for this infernal Fly. *(looks off)*

Goli. *(aside)* She knows the gentleman?

Mrs. M. P. *(to CAPT. P.)* Surely, surely, this business can be deferred till to-morrow? *(anxiously)*

Capt. P. Not for an hour! for, with decent luck, in less than a week I shall be a Major!

Mrs. M. P. Indeed! Then success attend you, my dear Major!

Goli. *(aside, starting)* Her "dear Major!"—Good gracious; can it be!—It is—it must be!—She's not a widow!

(CAPTAIN PHOBBS has gone off, L., and MRS. M. PHOBBS has re-entered the Ball-Room)

Enter CAPTAIN SPRUCE, L. C.'

Spruce. Now, Sir! allow me to introduce you to a partner.

Goli. Come here!—*(seizes him by the arm and drags him forward)*
Do you know that stout, elderly individual, there? *(points off, L.)*

Spruce. Perfectly!—A brother officer of mine!

Goli. Oh!—His name?

Spruce. Phobbs.

Goli. *(aside)* That settles it!—I didn't know him again out of his flannels! *(aloud)* Phobbs' health good?

Spruce. Excellent!

Goli. That's a pity!—I mean, that's a comfort!

Spruce. He's married to a charming young wife!

Goli. I know he is, poor devil! *(conceitedly)*

Spruce. Oh, oh!—Sly rogue! *(poking him in the side)*

Goli. Ha, ha!

Spruce. But don't let Phobbs suspect anything; he's as jealous as a Turk, and would cut your throat to a certainty.

Goli. *(very quickly)* My dear sir, I shan't tell him!—and I'm sure you won't, my dear friend! *(squeezes his hand)* I say, I'm sure you won't!—You inestimable creature, you!

Spruce. I'm not the man to spoil sport!—So come along. *(they go laughing, arm-in-arm, towards Ball-Room)*

Goli. *(stopping, and eagerly to SPRUCE)* You'll take your oath you won't tell Phobbs?

Spruce. Pshaw!—Ha! ha!—Come along!

(They enter Ball-Room through the C., and L. Immediately MORLAND and MRS. C. PHOBBS enter through R. C.)

Mor. Pshaw! cousin Julia!—I'd no idea you were such a little prude!—After all, what is it I ask of you! Merely to enable me, before my departure from England, which takes place to-morrow, to present to your worthy husband a portrait of his good little wife, as a slight return for all his kindness and hospitality to me.

—It will be an agreeable surprise for him, and it is all that a poor devil of an artist like myself can do.—And see, (*producing miniature*) it only requires half-a-dozen slight touches.

Mrs. C. P. Well, but—

Mor. Exactly—I perfectly agree with you, that a public assembly room is not exactly the place for a lady to sit for her portrait.—But while the company are assembled in the large supper-room, we can easily occupy one of the smaller rooms. I'll then run to my room for my box of colours; and then, while you are picking the wing of a fowl—

Mrs. C. P. You can catch the interesting expression! (*imitating eating with her mouth full*) Ha! ha! ha!—Then, since it must be so, come!
(*Exeunt, R. D. F.*)

MRS. M. PHOBBS *immediately enters, L. C., and sees them go out. She goes to R. D. F., and looks after them. GOLIGHTLY enters, C. from L.*

Goli. I can't see anybody to lend me five shillings!—what a distressing position. (*shouting*) Will anybody lend me five shillings?

Mrs. M. P. Mr. Golightly!—quick! (*he runs to her*) You see that lady and gentleman?—Follow them!—Observe them!—Then—no—(*pushes him away*) that shall be *my* task!

(*follows MORLAND and MRS. C. PHOBBS*)

Goli. What very remarkable behaviour!

Mrs. M. P. (*appearing at door, R. F.*) Mr. Golightly!

Goli. (*jumping round*) Coming!

Mrs. M. P. Remember!—I rely on your escorting me home!
(*disappears, R. D. F.*)

Goli. Of course! (*comes forward*) It's very easy for me to say of course!—but how am I to do it?—I have it.—After depositing the charming Mrs. Major P. in safety I'll tell the coachman to drive to my lodgings.—That won't help me much, either; I sha'n't find any money there: at least, I didn't leave any; and I don't think it's very probable, that anybody would take the trouble of breaking into the house merely to leave their purse there!—Then I sha'n't receive my salary till the 24th; and this only the 3rd.—I can't keep continually riding about in a one-horse Fly for three weeks; that would be ridiculous! (*looks into Ball-Room*) Holloa! the Ball's breaking up!—Good gracious!—Here, waiter! waiter!

Enter SAM, L.

Sam. Sir!

Goli. My hat—my great-coat—quick!

Sam. Yes, Sir!

(*runs out, L. 2 E.*)

Goli. I know what I'll do!—I'll go down among the one-horse Flies.—I'll select the most benevolent-looking coachman of the

lot.—I'll put him in possession of the peculiarity of my position; and if he won't trust me, he shall have my hat and great-coat as security for his fare!—It's a spick and span new Taglioni—worth ten times the money!—A brilliant idea!—I wonder it never struck me before!

Enter SAM, *with a great-coat over his arm, and two hats in his hand,*
L. 2 E.

Sam. Here's your great-coat, Sir!

Goli. Make haste!

Sam. Now, Sir! (*helps him on with a very long, shabby, white great-coat*)

Goli. Holloa! this isn't my great-coat!

Sam. It's the only one left, Sir!

Goli. The devil it is!

Sam. Yes, Sir.—All the good coats have been gone this half-hour!

Goli. (*hysterically*) Ha! ha!—I've been robbed!

Sam. There are no thieves in this house, Sir!

Goli. No, the thieves are gone.

Sam. You'd better keep in on, Sir.—I dare say it's a mistake.

Goli. A mistake!—Pooh! do you think anybody *could* mistake a superfine, pea-green Taglioni, for a second-hand long-tailed, whitey-brown thing like this!—My hat.

Sam. Is this it, Sir? (*hands him a hat very much crushed*)

Goli. (*vociferating*) No! (*flings it at his head*)

Sam. Then this must be it, Sir.—These are the only two left. (*hands him an old broad-brimmed white hat*)

Goli. 'Pon my my life, this is pleasant! (*puts on the hat, which is much too large for him*)

Sam. Ha! ha! ha!

Goli. Get out, you ruffian! (*drives him off at back*) Catch me coming to a public Ball again!—What one-horse Fly proprietor, I should like to know, would advance an hour's drive upon such a hat as this? 'Pon my life, matters are getting more agreeable every minute.

Enter CAPTAIN SPRUCE, *from C.*

Spruce. Was it you who betted five shillings on the last rubber?

Goli. (*aside*) There's a bit of luck!—Ha! ha! (*aloud*) Oh, yes, 'twas I.

Spruce. Then you've lost.

Goli. (*aside*) Ha! ha! ha!—Another agreeable little incident! (*aloud*) Very well—very well! (*with apparent unconcern*)

Spruce. Then there's your ticket for the Ball, fifteen shillings.

Goli. Ah!—Anything else?

Spruce. Yes:—Mr. Morland's ticket; which he said you'd pay for.

Goli. Delicious!—Go on, don't be shy!

Spruce. That's all.—Just £1. 15s.

Goli. Then lend me another five shillings, and I shall owe you £2.

Spruce. Very good—very good indeed!—I'm in no hurry for the money!—Any time will do.

Goli. Pay now!—have you got change for a £1000 note? I'd rather.

Spruce. I think I have.

Goli. (*aside*) Damn it!

Spruce. At least I can get it.

Goli. (*quickly*) I'm in no hurry—Any time will do.

Enter SAM, L., carrying a tray with cakes.

(*sees SAM*) By Jove, I've an idea! (*to SPRUCE, familiarly taking his arm*) Spruce, my boy, as I've nothing but £1000 bank notes about me, could you just lend me five shillings? (*SPRUCE looks surprised*) Not for myself.—Not for myself.—No, but I wish to tip the waiter something.

Spruce. Certainly.—Sam! (*SAM runs to him*) This gentleman begs me to give you five shillings.—There! (*gives money*)

Goli. (*aside*) Confound it! hang it! dash it—damn it!

Spruce. Delighted to have it in my power to serve you, sir.

Goli. (*disgusted*) Don't be absurd!

Spruce. Sir!

Goli. Nothing—thank you, my dear friend, thank you!

(*Exit SPRUCE, at C.*)

Sam. (*to GOLIGHTLY*) Thank you kindly, Sir.

Goli. (*indignantly*) Pooh! don't thank me.

Sam. Take a few cakes, Sir?

Goli. No, I won't—yes, I will.—(*clears the tray of the cakes, which he puts into the pockets of the great-coat*) Good gracious! the people are going. (*looks off*)

Voice. (*without*) Mr. Jones's fly.

Voice. (*without*) Mr. Jackson.—Miss Dobson and Mrs. Bum-pus' flies.

Goli. The flies will all be gone.—Sam!

Sam. Sir!

Goli. If you'll lend me that five shilling piece I gave you just now, you shall have a sovereign to-morrow.

Sam. I was just a-going to give it to you back Sir! (*gives it*)

Goli. Thank you, worthy Samuel, thank you!

Sam. It's a bad one, sir.

Goli. A bad one!

Sam. You know it is!—you call yourself a gentleman—for shame of yourself! (*during this, GOLI. has been biting the five shilling piece, and ringing it on the stage—he then, in a fury, flings it off—wing, R., a smash heard*) There's a pane of glass smashed!—that's another five shillings!—ha! ha! ha! (*GOLIGHTLY makes a violent dash at SAM*)

Enter MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, with her cloak, &c., on, from R. D. F.

Mrs. M. P. Where can Mr. Golightly be? (*approaches him*) Pray, sir, are you acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Golightly?—if so— (*GOLIGHTLY turns—she recognizes him, and bursts out laughing*)

Sam. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. M. P. Everybody has left the ball-room.—Is the Fly at the door?

Sam. Lor, ma'am, the flies are all gone long ago!

Mrs. M. P. Mercy on me!

Goli. No such thing—don't be alarmed, my dear Mrs. Major P.—I'll get a conveyance for you in a moment; I will, if I have to drag it here myself—by the horse. (*runs out L., followed by SAM*)

Mrs. M. P. Julia is not here,—she must have returned home—doubtless accompanied by Mr. Morland. How provoking! I, that had so cleverly arranged that Mr. Golightly should accompany us both—but, late as the hour is, I'll see her on my way home,—I'll speak to her—reason with her.

Re-enter GOLIGHTLY, L., running.

Goli. Now, then, my dear Mrs. Major P.

Mrs. M. P. Is the carriage at the door?

Goli. Not exactly—but what of that? The rain has ceased—the puddles are drying up—the little stars are twinkling.

Mrs. M. P. Surely, Mr. Golightly, you would not have me walk home in satin shoes?

Goli. Why not? I'll carry you over the crossings.

Mrs. M. P. Sir, once for all,—sir, will you procure me a conveyance home?

Goli. Of course I will. Hilloa! There's something upon wheels driving past now. (*shouts*) Sam!

Sam. (*without*) Sir!

Goli. Stop that vehicle.

Sam. Stop that what, sir?

Goli. That coach—carriage—cab—fly—cart—whatever it is.

Sam. Yes, sir.

Goli. Now, my dear Mrs. Major P., I hope you are satisfied.

Mrs. M. P. I should be very ungrateful if I were not.

Enter SAM, L.

Sam. The coachman says he must have double fare—it's past 12 o'clock.

Goli. (*aside*) Just my luck!—(*aloud*) Of course,—of course.

(Exit SAM, L.)

Mrs. M. P. Now, Mr. Golightly. (*takes his arm—he places his hand on hers, and kisses her fingers—she smiles*)

Goli. (*aside*) She likes it. (*about to do it again, she withdraws her arm*)

Mrs. M. P. You will be good enough to desire the man to drive us first of all to the Barracks.

Goli. To the Barracks!—at this time of—

Mrs. M. P. Yes, sir, I've a visit to pay there; I sha'n't keep you waiting more than half an hour.

Goli. Oh!

Mrs. M. P. And from there, you'll direct him to drive me home.

Goli. And that is—

Mrs. M. P. About two miles and a half beyond the turnpike.

Goli. Oh! (*aside*) On a moderate calculation, about five miles from my lodgings,—a three hours' job at the very least,—double fare, too,—pleasant,—but, as I'm in for it, I may as well go it.

Enter SAM, L., followed by a WAITER carrying a lady's cloak.

Sam. I tell you, it's all right,—you'll find the lady and gentleman in the small supper-room, No. 2. (*waiter runs off*, R. D. F.)

Mrs. M. P. Eh! Surely, I can't be mistaken;—it was Julia's cloak; then she's not gone home yet.—It's impossible I can leave the house now. (*hurries to R. D. F., and anxiously looks off*)

Sam. Mr. Golightly's one-horse fly stops the way.

Mrs. M. P. (*comes quickly down*) Don't think me capricious, Mr. Golightly, but—if you have no objection—we'll remain here—that is, for the present.

Goli. Delighted!—Sam, send the fly away!

Mrs. M. P. Yes, pay the man his fare, and let him go. (*looks anxiously*, R. C.)

Goli. Don't you hear, Sam,—the lady says you're to pay the man his fare, and let him go.

Sam. Certainly, sir! (*holds out his hand to GOLIGHTLY*)

Goli. Then let the man stop—(*to MRS. M. P.*) You may change your mind again! (*gallantly*)

(Exit SAM, L.)

Mrs. M. P. That's very considerate of you, indeed! (*aside*) How to find an excuse for the apparent inconsistency of my conduct; I can't leave Julia here.—Ah, I have it!—(*aloud*) Mr. Golightly, don't you find that dancing gives you an appetite?

Goli. (*aside*) Now, what does she mean by that? Good gra-

cious me! she can't want any supper.—(*aloud*) No, ma'am, quite the contrary!

Mrs. M. P. That's very odd,—do you know, I'm vulgar enough to feel exceedingly hungry!

Goli. (*aside*) That's a pretty broad hint—it's a clear case! I'm in for a supper, as well as a one-horse fly.

Mrs. M. P. Well, Mr. Golightly, since you press me so very much, I *will* take some refreshments!

Goli. (*aside*) Good gracious!—I'm sure I didn't press her the least little bit in the world!—Sam!

Enter SAM, L.

Of course, at this time of the night, it's out of the question asking for supper?

Sam. Oh, dear, no, sir,—that is, if you have it here, sir—all the lights are out in the supper-rooms.

Goli. (*aside*) My last hope's gone. (*aloud*) Then let us have something.—(*aside to SAM*) Something reasonable, you know.—A crust of bread and cheese, and pickle,—about a shilling's worth,—I don't mind fourteen penn'rth—

Sam. Only one charge here for supper, sir,—seven shillings a-head,—however, I'll see what I can do for you, sir. (Exit, L.)

Goli. Seven shillings a-head!—I keep getting deeper and deeper into it,—I sha'n't get off under a five-pound note, that's clear—and, as I haven't got it, I think the chances are about ten to one, that the landlord gives me in charge for swindling. (*drives his hands into the pockets of the great-coat*)—Hilloa!—what's that?—(*rattles the pockets*) Sounds like the chink of money,—and yet—(*drives his hand down to the bottom of the pocket*) it is! a purse—ha! ha! filled with sovereigns,—ha! ha!—Jack's alive again!

Enter SAM, L., with a small tray.

Sam. I've managed it, sir—crust of bread and cheese, and a pickle!

Goli. Who for, sir?

Sam. For you, sir—you said—

Goli. Don't tell me what I said, sir,—I know what I said, sir,—I said Champagne, sir, and plenty of it,—Turkeys, sir, and plenty of them,—Burgundy,—Partridges,—Lobsters,—Pine-Apple Punch—pickled Salmon,—everything,—look sharp,—be off. (*pushes SAM off, L.*)

Mrs. M. P. Oh, Mr. Golightly!—I really can't allow—

Goli. Not a word, I beg,—whatever I do, I like to do it in style,—bless you,—I don't care how money goes,—(*aside*) especially when it isn't my own!

Re-enter SAM, L.—*goes and lays cloth, &c.*—MORLAND *appears at*
R. D. F.

Mor. Waiter! (*sees MRS. M. P.*) Ah! (*disappears*)

Mrs. M. P. Ah,—Mr. Morland,—'twas he!

Goli. (*to SAM, while taking off great-coat, which he puts over one of the chairs*) You understand, young man,—every delicacy of the season!

Mrs. M. P. (*who has been hesitating near R. D. F.*) I will follow. (*about to do so*)

Capt. Phobbs. (*without*) I tell you, she is here!

Mrs. M. P. My brother-in-law—if he sees me, I cannot conceal my suspicions from him, and then,—ah!—in here. (*runs into D. F.*)

Goli. (*who has given directions to SAM*) Now make haste.

Enter CAPTAIN PHOBBS, *hastily*, L.,—*goes into Ball-Room*, L. C.,
and returns, R. C.—Exit SAM, L.

Come, that's settled, and now, my dear—(*turns, and finds himself face to face with CAPT. PHOBBS, who looks at him for a moment, and then turns and looks in all parts of the stage, aside*, L.) Her husband! "The dear Major!"—Now why couldn't the worthy man stop where he was, instead of coming here and interfering with his wife's little innocent recreations?

Capt. P. (*R., coming back to GOLIGHTLY*) So,—Mr. Go—brightly!

Goli. Go—lightly, sir.

Capt. P. You're still here—eh?

Goli. I'm not aware of being anywhere else!

Capt. P. Then, Mr. Go—slightly——

Goli. Go—lightly, sir,—omit the "s."

Capt. P. Yet stay—before I enter into particulars, allow me to give you an insight into the state of my mind,—Mr. Go—tightly!

Goli. Go—lightly, sir,—I never *do* go tightly!

Capt. P. You see before you a man, furious with indignation, sir,—literally boiling over!

Goli. Well, sir,—I'd advise you to wait till you simmer down a little.—(*aside*) It's as well to appear cool and collected before people—but, I confess, I wouldn't have his wife show her face at this moment, for a very considerable trifle! But where can she have got to?

Capt. P. I see you are dying with curiosity to know what has excited my anger, which I consider both inquisitive and impertinent.

Goli. My dear sir, you are mistaken;—I don't care one straw about you or your anger either. You may boil all away, as far as I'm concerned.

Capt. P. Then you're a man devoid of feeling—Mr. Go—sprightly!

Goli. (*shouting*) Go—lightly!—d'ye hear—Go—lightly!—(*very quietly*) Don't let me have to tell you again.

Capt. P. Are you married, sir?

Goli. Quite the contrary, sir,—I haven't that happiness.

Capt. P. Happiness—he, he!—I'm married, and look very happy, don't I?—ha! ha! (*grinning*)

Goli. No, I can't say you do!—I never saw a more wretched looking object in all my life!

Capt. P. Ha!—ha! no wonder,—you shall hear!—I brought my wife here to the ball to enjoy herself, and shortly after went home.

Goli. I see!—you went home, that your wife might enjoy herself!

Capt. P. No such thing!—Well, Mr. Go—Go,—something or other,—I waited at home till 12 o'clock,—no wife—half-past 12—no wife;—so I came here after her, and they want me to believe that everybody's gone.

Goli. So they are,—arn't they, Sam? (*tippling a wink to SAM, who has entered, L., just before, with supper, which he places on table*)

Sam. Yes, all gone, long ago.

Capt. P. (*to SAM*) Zounds and the devil, sir!—

Goli. (*aside*) Now he wants to pick a quarrel with the waiter! (*Exit SAM, R.*)

Capt. P. Then, sir, you are alone here, eh?

Goli. I was alone, before you honoured me with your remarkably agreeable society.

Capt. P. Indeed!—then pray, sir, how is it that the table happens to be laid for two?

Goli. (*confused*) For two?

Capt. P. (*vociferating*) Yes, sir, for two?

Goli. (*starting away*) Don't shout in that dreadful way! you'll fracture your voice!—I had the table laid for two, certainly,—it's a fancy of mine—besides, a friend might drop in.

Capt. P. Well, that's civil of you,—very—thankye—thankye. (*shaking his hand violently*)

Goli. Pooh!—pooh!—I didn't mean—

Capt. P. Hush!—(*violently seizing his arm, and listening*) I thought I heard—no—it's nothing.

Goli. You call it nothing!—You've dislocated my arm, that's all.

Capt. P. I say, I can't allow you to pay for my supper though—

Goli. (*indignant*) Pooh!—a very likely matter!

Capt. P. Oh, very well,—if you insist upon it. (*sits at table*)

Goli. Well,—ha!—ha!—delicious!

Capt. P. Now, then, sit down. (*GOLIGHTLY, who is buried in re-*

flection, takes no notice) Sit down, I say! (*banging the table with the handle of his knife*)

Goli. There! (*disgusted, and sitting down opposite*)

Capt. P. What's here!—Partridges?—shall I cut 'em up?

Goli. Oh, bother,—yes!—cut 'em up! (*turns from the table*)

Capt. P. I can't let you pay for the supper, if you don't eat.

Goli. Oh, very well. (*sticks his fork into the partridges, and puts them on his plate one after the other*)

Capt. P. (*bursting out*) By Jupiter, if I thought my wife was deceiving me! (*flourishes the knife close to GOLIGHTLY'S face*)

Goli. I wish, sir, you wouldn't flourish your knife about in that absurd way! (*cutting partridge*)

Capt. P. Beg pardon.—(*sits down*) Only let me catch a man paying attentions to my wife, that's all! Ye Gods! (*starts up again, and flourishes knife more violently than before*)

Goli. (*jumping up*) Put down that knife, sir! I say sir, put down that knife, sir!

Capt. P. I'd annihilate him!—as I do this! (*sticking fork into partridge*)

Goli. Waiter! (*jumping up and shouting with all his might*)

Capt. P. (*going to him*) Sir,—I beg your pardon.

Goli. Really, sir, you seem to have no other object in life than to beg my pardon.

Capt. P. Make some allowance for me.—I'm not uneasy without grounds,—for my wife is young and pretty.

Goli. I know she is!

Capt. P. How the devil should you know?

Goli. I mean—I suppose she is—if she was old and ugly, you would not be so excited.

Capt. P. Ha! ha!—very good—ha! ha!

Goli. Ha! ha! ha! (*CAPT. PHOBBS suddenly stops GOLIGHTLY'S laughter, by placing his hand over his mouth*)

Capt. P. Oh!—I swear I heard somebody in that room. (*points to door, R.*)

Goli. No such thing.

Capt. P. I tell you, I did. (*breaks away from him, and banging the door open with his fist, runs in, R.*)

Goli. Oh, lud!—it's all over with me.—I wouldn't give a straw for my life! (*sinks into a chair.—During the last two or three speeches, MRS. M. P. has come out of door, R., and observes; as soon as CAPT. P. goes R., she advances hastily down*)

Mrs. M. P. (*touches GOLIGHTLY on the shoulder*) Sir!

Goli. (*jumping round*) Come on—eh?

Mrs. M. P. Hush—you must send him away instantly,—some pretext or other,—I care not what—but you must send him away!

Goli. It's very easy to say "send him, away"—but the man's a wild beast,—a Hyena!

Mrs. M. P. It must be done, my happiness depends on it.—Ah!
(a loud crash of broken crockery.—MRS. M. P. hastily runs through
 R. D. F.—*at the same moment, CAPT. PHOBBS enters, followed by*
 SAM, R. 2 E.)

Sam. But, sir!

Capt. P. Don't tell me,—how should I see your infernal crockery in the dark!—put it down in the bill!

Goli. Pooh!—pooh! come, I like that.

Capt. P. *(to SAM)* Go along—be off.—*(drives him off, L. 2 E.)*
 Well, she isn't there!

Goli. Then, my dear sir, if I were in your place—

Capt. P. Well, sir—

Goli. I should go home—have a basin of gruel, and go to bed.

Capt. P. Oh,—that's what you'd do.

Goli. I should, decidedly.

Capt. P. That's as much as to say, you've had enough of my company.

Goli. Very little of anything satisfies me!—besides, I want to go to bed myself.—I've been dancing no end of Polkas, and I shan't be sorry to get into a horizontal position!—Ugh.—*(yawning and stretching)*

Capt. P. Damn it, I won't allow you or any man to yawn in my face!

Goli. Then you'd better take your face somewhere else,—for I can't help,—yaw,—*(yawns)*

Capt. P. I see, sir, you want to pick a quarrel with me.

Goli. *(aside)* I'll see if I can't frighten him a bit—*(aloud)* Dash my wig and buttons, sir! *(starts up to him)*

Capt. P. That's enough!—you shall soon hear from me.

Goli. The sooner, the better.—*(aside)* I'll shoot him as dead as a herring, and then marry his widow.

Capt. P. We'll have it out to-night, sir,—in this very room, sir,—pistols, as a matter of course, sir.

Goli. No, sir,—I beg your pardon—I don't look upon pistols as a matter of course, at all,—I prefer swords, sir,—or foils,—suppose we say foils.

Capt. P. Pshaw!—Waiter!

Enter SAM, L.

My great-coat!

Sam. This is it, sir. *(helps him on with the white great-coat on chair)*

Capt. P. I shall soon be back, sir—d'ye hear, sir? *(Exit, L.)*

Goli. Come, I've got rid of him at all events, and now I think the best thing I can do is to pay the bill, and be off. *(feels in his pockets)* Holloa!—he's taken the great-coat away with the purse in it.—Stop thief!—stop thief! *(shouting at door, R. 2 E.)*

Morland. (*without*) Indeed,—it cannot be, madam!

Goli. Holloa!—holloa! (*retires, watching*)

Enter, from R. D. F., MORLAND and MRS. M. PHOBBS.

Mrs. M. P. A woman may be imprudent, Mr. Morland.

Mor. Imprudent!—Nay, my dear madam—

Mrs. M. P. Silence, sir; but however imprudent she may be, it ill becomes a man to compromise her.

Mor. Compromise!—ha!—ha!—my dear madam, if you will but hear me—

Mrs. M. P. I'll hear nothing, sir, till I have possession of that miniature!

Mor. There, my dear madam, you must excuse me.

Mrs. M. P. I understand, sir,—doubtless, the affectionate interest you take in the original, prevents your parting with it.

Mor. Put whatever construction you please upon my motive, madam, but with this miniature I will not part. (*going, L.*)

Goli. (*grasps his arm, and in a very faint voice*) Mr. Morland!

Mor. Well, sir!

Goli. The original of the miniature you speak of—I tremble to ask it—is it—Mrs. Phobbs?

Mor. It is, sir.

Goli. And you've a sneaking kindness for her? (*in a tremulous voice*)

Mor. Hark ye, Mr. Golightly,—(*crosses, L.*) I take a sufficient interest in the lady you have mentioned, to blow your brains out, if I thought you presumed to take any—you understand me, sir,—farewell.

(Exit, L.—GOLIGHTLY sinks on chair)

Mrs. M. P. Now to remove Julia from the house. (*perceives GOLIGHTLY.*) Good heavens,—Mr. Golightly!

Goli. (*lifting up his head—he is very pale*) Where am I? (*rises and falls on her shoulder; she in vain strives to make him stand off*)

Mrs. M. P. I shall never forget your kindness, sir, and should we not meet again—

Goli. Not meet again! (*takes her hand and deliberately leads her down to the front*) Not meet again! and is it for this, Mrs. Major P., that I lent you my umbrella, 15 months ago, at Harrowgate?

Mrs. M. P. It was very kind of you.

Goli. Is it for this that I gave way to a degree of rapture on meeting you again, such as, I flatter myself, was totally unworthy of a rational being?

Mrs. M. P. I'm sure I was not displeased at seeing you again.

Goli. Is it for this that I engaged a one-horse fly to take you to the Barracks, and then two miles and a half beyond the turnpike?

Mrs. M. P. And I admit it was very kind, I really feel—

Goli. Is it for this that I ordered supper, at seven shillings a head, and though last, not least,—is it for this, Mrs. Major P., that I got rid of Phobbs,—by insulting Phobbs and promising Phobbs that I'd set myself up as a target for Phobbs to fire at?

Mrs. M. P. Good heavens,—a duel!—Believe me,—Mr. Golightly, should you fall, nobody would regret it more than I.

Goli. I beg your pardon, madam, but I think I should—and now, madam, the sooner you reward the affectionate interest of Mr. Morland, the better.

Mrs. M. P. Mr. Morland!—are you mad?—I take no interest in Mr. Morland!

Goli. Yes, you do,—I'll bet you five shillings on it, if you'll lend 'em me.

Mrs. M. P. What proof do you require?

Goli. There's only one will convince me—and, unfortunately, it is not in your power to offer it just now.

Mrs. M. P. What is it you mean?

Goli. That fair lily-white hand!

Mrs. M. P. (*aside*) He's popped the question at last. (*aloud*) There, Mr. Golightly,—take it. (*offers her hand*)

Goli. Eh,—no,—oh, joy,—rapture,—ecstatic moment!—(*about to take it*) and yet—

Mrs. M. P. How, sir,—do you refuse it?

Goli. No—that is—I—(*aside*)—Good gracious! she can't seriously contemplate committing bigamy!

Capt. P. (*without*) I tell you, you shall come with me.

MRS. M. P. *hastily retires up to back, and meets* MRS. CAPT. PHOBBS, *who enters from R. D. F. ; at the same moment* CAPT. PHOBBS *enters, L., with a pair of pistols, followed by* MORLAND.

Capt. P. (*marches up to GOLIGHTLY, and gives him a pistol*) There,—and now,—(*walks back, measuring*) One—two—three—fire!

Mrs. M. P. Stop! (*comes down with* MRS. C. PHOBBS)

Goli. Yes, stop—by all means.

Mor. Really, sir, this violent state of indignation, about a trifling dispute at a supper-table—

Capt. P. No such thing!—It isn't a question of a paltry supper at all, but of a lady, sir, and that lady my wife, sir,—yes,—(*shouting to GOLIGHTLY*) The waiter has told me all!—She was to have supped here, alone with you, Mr. Go—sprightly, and that's why the table, Mr. Go—brightly was laid for *two*,—Mr. Golightly; therefore, as I said before,—one—two—three—fire! (*measures, and presents pistol*)

Goli. Be quiet!—(*with great calmness*) I don't deny, sir, that I was to have supped here with a lady,—and a very charming lady,

—(*aside to MRS. M. P., who nudges him*) Don't be alarmed, I won't compromise you,—such a brilliant thought! (*takes MRS. C. PHOBBS'S hand, and leads her towards the CAPTAIN*) Now, sir, I should like to know what possible objection you can have to my supping with this lady?

Capt. P. Ha!—ha!—there, you hear!—he confesses it! (*seizing and shaking him*) Now, sir,—one—two—three—fire! (*puts the pistol close to GOLIGHTLY'S nose*)

Goli. (*shouting*) Waiter;—take this man away, and bring me a gentleman! (*goes to R., corner*)

Capt. P. (*to MRS. C. P.*) Now madam, what have you to say to this, eh?

Mrs. C. P. Simply, that I never remember to have seen this gentleman before; let that satisfy you, my dear husband!

Goli. (*aside*) Her dear husband!—he's got two wives!—I'll transport the aged delinquent.

MOR. (*to CAPT. P.*) My dear sir, allow me to explain the mystery;—if your jealousy must have a victim, why, egad, you must take me.

Goli. Certainly,—take him, by all means.

MOR. But, before you blow my brains out, allow me to assure you, that the few moments I passed alone with your wife, were devoted to a worthy purpose,—namely, to enable me, on the eve of my departure from England, to present you with this (*giving miniature*) as a slight return for your kindness to Cousin George.

Capt. P. My wife's portrait!—Well, thank ye, George! (*shakes hands*) Give me a kiss,—(*kisses MRS. CAPT. P.*)—and you, too! (*about to kiss MRS. MAJOR P.*)

Goli. (*pushing him back*) No—no—I won't allow it.

Capt. P. I am Major Phobbs's brother, sir.

Mrs. M. P. And I,—his widow!

Goli. Widow,—no,—say it again!—worthy man!—Let us bury our little differences in each others' arms,—embrace your brother-in-law. (*throws his arms round CAPT. P.*)

Mrs. M. P. Brother-in-law,—nay, Mr. Golightly; when I offered you my hand just now, you appeared to hesitate.

Goli. Just give me another chance,—that's all.—(*MRS. M. P. offers her hand, which he eagerly takes and kisses*) Now, if there's anybody here inclined for a bet,—I'll lay very considerable odds, that I'm the happiest fellow alive.

Enter SAM, L.

Sam. (*to GOLI.*) The bill, sir—

Goli. (*aside*) The devil!

Sam. Don't be alarmed,—it's paid!

Goli. (*delighted*) Paid!—(*assumes an important air*) And who, I should like to know, has taken the liberty of paying my bill?

Capt. P. Why, as I destroyed the supper, the least I could do was to pay all the bill.

Goli. (*pretends to be annoyed*) Well, I don't like this sort of thing,—but, as it's done—it can't be undone!

Capt. P. Then suppose we all adjourn to Barracks. There's a fly at the door.

Sam. It's Mr. Golightly's.

Capt. P. Is it? then you can set us all down.

Goli. Of course—that is,—(*aside*) Now, really, this is a very awkward situation to be placed in! I don't know whom to ask to lend me five shillings. I don't like to apply to strangers ;—but then—(*to audience*)—You are not strangers—I think I know a good many of you, and I'm sure you all know me,—therefore, if at any time you should see me in a dilemma, from which such a trifling amount would extricate me, I'm sure, not one here would hesitate for a moment to

LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

PICTURE.

SAM. MOR. MRS. M. P. GOLI. MRS. C. P. CAPT. P.

CURTAIN.



One Act Farces

TANGLES. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, by C. LEONA DALRYMPLE. 4 male, 2 female characters. 1 interior scene. *Bill Tracy* accepts *Mrs. Janeway's* invitation to dinner, intended for his cousin *Phil. Tracy*, who is *Jack Janeway's* chum. *Elsie*, her maid, advertised for a husband under the soubriquet of "Bright Eyes." *Jenkins*, *Bill's* valet, answers it as X. Y. Z. The mistakes in identity get them into a tangle of surprises, finally unraveled by *Jack*, who arrives opportunely. The "situations" are tremendously funny and keep the audience in roars of laughter.

NIGHT IN TAPPAN, A. 15 cents. A farce comedy in 1 act and 1 scene, by O. B. DUBOIS. 2 male, 3 female characters. Modern costumes. Dining-room scene in suburban residence. Time, about 30 minutes. The action commences at 10.45 P. M. on the arrival of *Mr. and Mrs. John Betts*, quite unexpectedly at the home of *Mr. Augustus Betts*, while *Mrs. Augustus* is awaiting her husband's return from the city. The complications caused by a saucy, blundering Irish servant, *Mr. Augustus* being entirely ignorant of the new arrivals, are screamingly bewildering.

KISSING THE WRONG GIRL. 15 cents. A farcical sketch in 1 act, by W. C. PARKER. 1 male, 2 female characters. It is the case of a "cheeky" book-agent, two sisters who look much alike, all sorts of funny mistakes, and any number of ridiculous situations that will keep the audience in a continuous roar of laughter. The piece can be played either "straight" or with specialties. No scenery needed.

LITTLE RED MARE, The. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, by O. E. YOUNG. 3 male characters, 1 interior scene. Time, about 35 minutes. The little red mare and a very deaf farmer's red-headed daughter are both named *Nellie*. A dude is after the daughter, and a horse-dealer wants the mare. The farmer mistakes the one for the other, and the way he gets the two claimants muddled in his criss-cross description of the two *Nellies* keeps the audience in a roar from the word "go." By a startling incident the farmer is suddenly cured of his deafness, and what he hears aids in clearing up the muddle.

NEW REPORTER, The. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act and 1 interior scene, by FRANKLIN JOHNSTON. 6 male, 2 female characters. Time, 45 minutes. *Hobbs*, the proprietor of a newspaper, is expecting a new reporter whom he has engaged on trial. *Nancy*, *Hobbs's* daughter, persuades her lover, *Jack*, who is unknown to her father, to personify the new reporter, and gets to work. The blunders he makes, and the arrival of *Tupper*, the real reporter, results in a general flare up, until explanations are made, and *Tupper* is persuaded by *Nancy* to retire in favor of *Jack*.

BYRD AND HURD; or, A Fair Exchange. 15 cents. A farcical sketch in 1 act, by HAROLD SANDER. 6 male characters. 1 exterior and 1 interior scene. Time, about 40 minutes. For seven years a lawsuit has been pending between *Byrd* and *Hurd* for possession of a pond situated between their contiguous farms. They are both arrested in Boston. *Byrd* has a lunch served, but has no tobacco; *Hurd* has, and is hungry. After bitter altercations, *Byrd* divides his lunch; *Hurd* his tobacco. The exchange leads to reconciliation and personal settlement of the lawsuit, to the disgust of *Sly*, the lawyer. The scenes are quite simple and the "situations" extremely comic.

FINNEGAN AND FLANAGAN. 15 cents. A farcical sketch in 1 act, by W. C. PARKER. 1 male, 1 female character. Time of playing 25 minutes. *Finnegan* has a smile as broad as the Lakes of Killarney, and *Mrs. Flanagan* has "the force as well as the fancy." His quiet utterances and her awkward mannerisms are droll in the extreme. The "business" is excruciatingly comic, and the lucky liquidation of an unpaid board bill concludes one of the funniest of Irish farces. Specialties can be introduced, or the piece may be played "straight." No scenery is required.

FUN IN A SCHOOL ROOM. 15 cents. A farcical sketch in 1 act and 1 interior scene, by HARRY E. SHELLAND. 4 male characters, a Dutch-dialect teacher, and 3 pupils consisting of a young Bowery tough, a Hebrew boy, and a rather good little boy. Time, about 40 minutes. The questions and answers given in their respective personalities are outrageously funny, including an entirely new version of the discovery of America. The sketch throughout is incredibly absurd.

A DOCTOR BY COURTESY

A Farce in Three Acts, 1

PRICE 25 C

CHARACTER

DR. JOS. SLY, a physician (?).....	A	000 512 643	8
HENRI DUVAL, a French merchant.....			Character
CHAS. JENKINS, Sly's father-in-law.....			Comedy old man
FREDDIE WEST, a dude.....			Character
MICHAEL, a hallboy.....			Irish character
POLICEMAN, one of the finest.....			
FLORETTE DUVAL, Duval's Wife.....			Lead
EMILY SLY, Sly's Wife.....			Juvenile
MARTHA JENKINS, Jenkins's wife.....			Old woman
IDA GAYGIRL, of the ballet.....			Soubrette
GRETCHEN, Florette's maid servant.....			Character

TWO INTERIOR SCENES.—TIME OF REPRESENTATION—Two hours.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Sitting-room in Sly's office. Mr. Jenkins resorts to heroic measures to boom his son-in-law's medical practice. Two women prepare a trap. Old associates draw Sly into folly. Clouds begin to gather.

ACT II.—Room in the house of Monsieur Duval. Florette's physician (by proxy) arrives. A startling prescription. Matters become worse and worse. A jealous husband and three doctors (?).

ACT III.—Same as Act I. The "green-eyed monster" appears in the Sly family. The story of a scratched face and a shower-bath. Explanations restore harmony, and Dr. (?) Sly retires from active work.

COLLEGE CHUMS

A COMEDY OF COLLEGE LIFE IN THREE ACTS, BY ANTHONY E. WILLS

PRICE 25 CENTS

A realistic sketch of College life and its influence. Wallace, an indolent aimless young man, on entering college is hazed by fellow collegiates, led on by Thorne, the bully of his class. He turns on the bully and thrashes him soundly. Out of revenge, he is so ingeniously accused of theft by the bully, that the crime appears to carry conviction. Finally the real thief exonerates him and the bully is expelled. There are some very funny passages between two opposing veterans of the war, and in the love making of a German professor. In due course the inevitable young lady comes on the scene with the usual results. A capital play, full of interest throughout.

CHARACTERS

FRANKLYN RISLEY, Dean of the University.....	Character
FRIEDERICH VON WEBER, Professor of German.....	Character
WALLACE FINDLAY, "The Babe".....	Lead
HOWARD THORNE, "The Bully".....	Heavy
ARTHUR KINGSBURY, Capt. of College Team.....	Straight
PAUL DINSMORE, a Sophomore.....	Straight
CLIFFORD PAIGE, manager of College Team.....	Straight
JOHN FINDLAY, Wallace's father.....	Character
ALEC, an old colored attendant.....	Character
MRS. ALMIRA DINSMORE, Paul's mother.....	Old Lady
GRACE DINSMORE, her daughter.....	Lead
TOBY SPRAGUE, the watchman's daughter.....	Ingenué

ONE INTERIOR STAGE-SETTING.—TIME OF REPRESENTATION—Two hours,

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